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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

At the Fifth Concert, which we have hitherto left unnoticed, the following programme was executed:—

PART I.—Quintet, in E flat, Pianoforte, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon, Messrs. W. Rae, Jennings, Key, Calkott, and Keating, *Mozart*.—Duet, "Remember me," Miss Ellen Lyon and Miss Cubitt, *T. M. Mudie*.—Song, "The Blind Boy," Mr. Bodda, *Kate Loder*.—Serenade, (MS.—first time of performance), Miss Ellen Lyon, *E. Perry*.—Trio, (MS.) No. 2, in D, Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello (first time of performance), Mr. J. B. Calkin, Master Day, and Mr. Lucas, *J. B. Calkin*.—Quartet, in G minor, (MS.), two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello, Messrs. Jos. Banister, Gattie, Thomas, and Quinton, (his first appearance at these Concerts), *H. Graves*.—Song, (MS) "I never can forget thee, love," Mr. Bodda (first time of performance), *J. R. Tutton*.—Song, "The Gipsy Maiden," Miss Cubitt, *A. Fesca*.—Quintet, in D minor, No. 2, Pianoforte, two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello, (first time of performance in this country), Messrs. F. B. Jewson, Gattie, Jos. Banister, Thomas, and Lucas, *Spohr*.—Terzetto, "Se dià," (*Agnes*) Paer, Miss Ellen Lyon, Miss Cubitt, and Mr. Bodda.—The Vocal Music accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr. W. Dorrell.

It is too late now to criticise the performance of this programme, or the materials out of which it was constituted. The great novelty was decidedly Spohr's quintet, the second he has produced. With all the characteristics of the great musician's style this quintet exhibits many features that are absolutely new, and the composition as a whole is masterly, brilliant, and effective. It will, doubtless, win the attention of our pianists generally, and become a stock-piece in the approaching concert season. Mr. F. B. Jewson sustained the pianoforte part with great ability. His execution was energetic and finished, and his general reading showed how entirely the young pianist entered into the feeling and intention of the composer. Mr. Jewson was admirably supported by Mr. Gattie (first violin), Mr. Joseph Banister (second violin), Mr. Thomas (tenor), and Mr. Lucas (violoncello), about as capable a quartet to help out a pianist as England could well muster—all accomplished performers, and all zealous and right-minded artists. The quintet was well received, and the slow movement re-demanded, though the executants did not respond to the evident desire of the audience. Mr. Calkin's trio and Mr. Graves' quintet, both the works of acknowledged favourites, were ably executed and warmly received. Among the vocal pieces, which were nearly all MS., we must specialise Mr. Mudie's charming duet, which was nicely sung by Misses Ellen Lyon and Cubitt. It is worth asking—why, in the course of six concerts, we have only been favoured with one composition from the pen of this excellent musician? Mr. Mudie's absence in Edinburgh is certainly no reason for overlooking his claims upon the society as one of the best composers in its ranks. A word must record our favourable opinion of Miss Kate Loder's pleasing song, the serenade of Mr. Perry, and the song of Mr. Tutton, the worthy founder of the society. Miss Ellen Lyon to one and

Mr. Bodda to the other two of these vocal essays rendered the fullest justice. Fesca's song is uninteresting, and Paer's trio somewhat *perruque*; they were both well sung however. It is unnecessary to praise Mr. Dorrell's method of accompanying; it has been long and honourably proved.

The sixth and last meeting was superior in all respects, and perhaps, indeed, the very best of the whole series. The following programme, rich in novelties, instrumental and vocal, will carry out our verdict.

PART I.—Sonata, in A, Op. 69, Pianoforte and Violoncello, Messrs S. J. Noble, and W. F. Reed, (their first appearance at these Concerts). *Beethoven*.—Duet, "Saper vorrei," Miss and Mr. Lockey, *Haydn*.—Song, "A Farewell," Miss Duval, *Walter C. Macfarren*.—Double Quartet in B minor, (MS.—first time of performance), *W. S. Rockstro*; Messrs. Thirlwall, A. Streather, W. Dawson, T. Westrop, Westlake, R. Blagrove, W. F. Reed, and Guest.—Song, with pianoforte duet accompaniment, "In the silver beams of Luna," Miss Lockey, *Spohr*.—Quintet in G minor, Pianoforte, Violin, Tenor, Violoncello, and Double Bass, Mr. Lindsay Sloper (his first appearance at these Concerts), Messrs. Thirlwall, Westlake, W. F. Reed, and C. Severn. *G. A. Macfarren*.—Scena, (MS.) "Lament," Mr. Lockey, *G. Cooper*.—Grand Duet in F, Pianoforte, *Mozart*, Messrs. Walter C. Macfarren and W. Dorrell.—The Vocal music accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr. Walter C. Macfarren.

Beethoven's fine sonata found able interpreters in Messrs. S. J. Noble and W. F. Reed. The former, one of the cleverest pupils of the best of masters (Mr. W. H. Holmes), promises to rank high among the most finished pianists in whose education the Royal Academy has had a hand. The latter, a brother of Mr. T. German Reed, the director of the Haymarket musical arrangements, is a very improving violoncellist. Mr. and Miss Lockey must be praised for introducing a gem of Haydn's so little known and so lovely withal. This is not the first mark of attention which Mr. Lockey has paid to the neglected works of one of the greatest of masters. We must also eulogise the excellent manner in which the duet was rendered by the amiable brother and sister artists. Mr. Walter C. Macfarren's song must be admired for its frank and pleasing melody, its original and musician-like accompaniment, and its faithful adaptation to the sentiment of one of the most exquisite of Alfred Tennyson's minor poems. Let the reader judge of the beauty of the verses:—

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver;
No more by thee my steps shall be
For ever and for ever.
Flow, softly flow by lawn and lea,
A rivulet, then a river;
No more by thee my steps shall be
For ever and for ever.
But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen quiver,
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream o'er thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be
For ever and for ever.

Miss Duval sang this with true feeling, and merited the *encore* she received. Owing to the non-arrival of some of the violins, the instrumental piece that was to follow was delayed, and Mr. Cooper's song—a composition aiming at more than a common mark, and hitting it after a certain fashion, followed next. Mr. Lockey's irreproachable singing gained an *encore* which the gravity of Mr. Cooper's music could hardly have expected to attain. The double quartet of Mr. Rockstro is entitled to serious attention as the work of a very young and a very promising musician. The author has studied under the wing of the greatest living composer—Felix Mendelssohn; it is to be presumed, therefore, that the gifts of nature have been well fostered. Taking him as we at present find him, Mr. Rockstro has dispositions that augur well for his future career. He has fancy, earnestness, strong musical feeling, and a taste that rejects every idea that is vulgar. With these qualities, so admirable in a young musician, he combines unusual facility in the mechanical resources of his art. His double-quartet is a very favourable specimen of his talents. He has not overlooked the examples of this grand species of chamber music which have come from the pen of the illustrious Spohr; still less has the *Otetto* of Mendelssohn escaped his observation. His love for these authors has led him occasionally into more than an imitation of their beauties. Nor has Sterndale Bennett been allowed to pass the young composer's barrier without paying the toll. But all this augurs favourably of his discernment, and shows that his reading has been in the right direction. The first and last movements of the double quartet are, in our opinion, the best. They are well constructed and developed with clearness and decision, while the subjects, if not strikingly original, are happy and well contrasted. We would especially call attention to the second *motivo* in the *Allegro con Fuoco*, which is exceedingly quaint, and is doubled in importance by the ingenious manner in which it is handled further on in the movement. The *Andante* has some points of instrumentation that are both original and charming; but in striving after constant variety of colour Mr. Rockstro has fallen into the sin of incoherency. The division of the two quartets becomes meagre and monotonous from the want of contrast; and this gives a rambling and patchy effect to the movement, which has none of those rich and grand masses of full and sustained harmony of which Spohr's double-quartets present such fine examples. In the *scherzo* there is not much to remark, beyond the fact of its being rhythmical and pretty. The reception of this work cannot but have been grateful to Mr. Rockstro, and the appreciation of what he has thus far done so well will, doubtless, stimulate him to do still better. We cannot say much in praise of the execution of the young composer's work, which evidenced a want of rehearsal that should have been remedied before its public performance. The composition of a beginner is even more entitled to this careful pre-examination than that of a more experienced hand. The first step is the great step, and it should be taken with every legitimate support, to prevent the possibility of its being a false one. The vocal piece which followed, "In the silver beams of Luna,"* one of the most delicious chamber-compositions of Spohr, was very quietly and effectively sung by Miss Lockey, and the pianoforte accompaniment for two

performers was capitally played by Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Mr. W. C. Macfarren.

But the capital *morceau* of the whole programme was the quintet in G minor, by G. A. Macfarren, a work as remarkable for its musicianship as for its genius. Mr. Macfarren put the society into action by his symphony in F minor, the first piece performed in the first concert ever given by the members. The years that have elapsed have gradually helped to the full development of that genius which then promised so much. It is now in its full meridian and the appearance of the masterly opera of *Don Quixote*, a work of profound scholarship and the highest genius, and which would confer honour upon any school of art, at once established its composer in the estimation of musicians among the first of the age. Every work that Mr. Macfarren has since produced has borne the stamp of matured style and ripened talent which are exemplified to such rare perfection in *Don Quixote*. The quintet performed on Monday night is one of the completest and most masterly of these works. It consists of an *allegro* in G minor, a grand and energetic movement—a *barcarole* in the major, a strain of soothing melody—a *bolero* in C minor, full of character and elaborated with the ingenuity of a thorough musician—and a *finale* in the original key, passionate and elevated, and sparkling with artistic beauties and ideas at once new and striking. From beginning to end this quintet is full of melody, properly so called; not made out of short impertinent bits of tune, but of phrases long drawn out, developed with felicity, colored with rhythmic variety, and satisfying the ear and the understanding with cadences well calculated and complete, neither weakened nor interrupted by ante-climax nor ill-considered and extravagant modulation. To make a long matter short, the quintet is a noble work, fulfilling all the highest conditions of art, and contenting the judgment while it delights the ear. It is seldom we can have the gratification of speaking thus unreservedly of the work of a countryman, and we are too happy to do so, when occasion presents, to be at all backward in uttering what we think to the last syllable. It gives us almost equal pleasure to speak of the execution of this quintet. Mr. Lindsay Sloper made his debut in the principal part, and proved to the Society the value of their recent acquisition in his person. He played, indeed, so finely, that if the composer were not thoroughly satisfied he must be very hard to please. The other executants aided him most efficiently, and Mr. C. Severn especially must be praised for the admirable style in which he rendered the very elaborate *obligato* bass part of the *bolero*, a feat of no common difficulty. The applause bestowed by the audience showed clearly their appreciation of the quintet and its performance. Mozart's fine pianoforte duet in F major, was executed with great brilliancy and power, by W. C. Macfarren and Mr. Dorrell, who kindly consented to undertake it at the last moment, it being impracticable to make up another quartet. With this the concert ended. Mozart was the climax—and happily so, for what could come after him with effect? Mr. W. C. Macfarren was the accompanist of the evening, and performed his duty most ably. Thus concluded the present series of chamber concerts. We shall shortly refer to the Society in general terms.

THE RIVAL ITALIAN OPERAS.

THE war progresses with increasing fury. In answer to a semi-official statement published in the *Morning Post* of Friday, setting forth a catalogue of the attractions which Mr. Lumley has secured for the coming season, the *Morning Chronicle* publishes a rejoinder, which is by no means re-

* Published by Weessel and Co.

markable for the faith it reposes in the promises of the rival mouthpieces. As the extract from the *Times*, which we cited in our last week's number, contained the information embodied in the *Post* article, stripped of its garniture of irony and recrimination, it is unnecessary for us to do more than refer our readers to its contents. We quote the answer of the *Chronicle* entire:—

"HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—A semi-official statement as to the ensuing campaign, has been published by a contemporary. It is drawn up with that flippancy and impertinence which pass for wit and humour amongst waiting-maids and yellow plushes, but as a journal of more solidity contains nearly the same details, the article is entitled to some notice, although it cannot be accepted, of course, as a prospectus, a document now of paramount importance in matters operational. We learn, then, that the patriarch Lablache will return to London next season—we presume for *opera buffa* only, in which he will be right welcome. Staudigl, as we stated in yesterday's columns, has been engaged; his singing in Italian will of course be an experiment, but it is one which the manager has done quite right to make. Superchi, for whom Verdi did not compose *Ernani*, as it has been stated, and Coletti are amongst the new comers. The former is of no note, the latter is a clever artist, not a Tamburini or a Ronconi, it is true, but at all events a welcome substitute for Fornasari. Gardoni and Fraschini are mentioned as the tenors. The former will be useful in the secondary parts; the latter has a fine voice, but has no style. We have given the names of all the announced vocalists, for the lyrical troupe is not yet completed as we are assured—a very unnecessary declaration, inasmuch as no *prime donne* nor *contraltos* are at all alluded to. For the ballet there is great attraction and strength. Perrot and Paul Taglioni are the ballet masters, with Taglioni, Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, Lucile Grahm, and a new Italian *danseuse* named Rosati. Three new ballets "by three poets of European fame," are promised. The next pledge we must give *verbatim*—"Three of the greatest composers of Europe, with their *chefs d'œuvre*, written expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, will contribute to the glories of the season." This is incomprehensible. If three new operas are to be written, they cannot be *chefs d'œuvre* as yet—whatever they may be—only, the puff preliminary even is rather too premature. We have heard of Verdi's opera founded on Lord Byron's "Corsair"—of Rossini's pasticcio *Robert Bruce*, that has just failed in Paris, and of Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*. Verdi's opera was promised last season, but it was never heard of—a fact that we bear in mind in reading all semi-official promises that may be disavowed at the end of a season. It is stated that a chorus of 70 is under probation; and the singers, it is added, are not "venerable mummies," but "young and well looking." This may be gratifying to *roué* patrons, but the musical public will require artists who understand their choral duties. The orchestral announcement is most ominous. The only new names mentioned are L'Anglais, a good contra-basso from Turin; Piatti, the violoncellist; Pizzi, a flautist from Milan; and a M. Zeiss, of whom we know nothing. Of the old artists specified there are Tolbecque, Nadaud, Deloffre, Watts, and Wagstaff (violins); and Pilet (violinello). If these players, some of whom are clever artists, and others quite incompetent, are the "stars," we tremble indeed for the band. No conductor's name is mentioned in the list. On the whole, there is nothing striking about the introductory Programme but the ballet, and that is very strong; but the operational arrangements look at present weak and suspicious. We are glad to be told that such a mass of talent is now to be had in Europe, as the *Morning Chronicle* last season was so bitterly reproached for having doubted the transcendentalism of the "triple troupe." If we shall have contributed to the importation of new and powerful singers, and to the production of operas, expressly composed for Her Majesty's Theatre, we shall have achieved something for art and artists, and we will then be quite willing to accept the welcome signs of managerial penitence for the past. The public will be the gainers by honourable competition.

There is more sound than reason in this answer. As Mr. Lumley is not answerable for the statements of the *Morning Post*, or any other journal, there was no necessity for making the article in question a subject of serious discussion. But this is not our only objection to the *Chronicle* attack. Among other things that are well enough, there are some which are ill enough, and the *ensemble* is a *gachis* of impeachable and unimpeachable propositions. *Ex. gra*:—why should Lablache be confined to comic opera? Is he not as great in Henry VIII. as he is in Dr. Bartolo—in Mose as in Leporello—

and so on *ad infinitum*? And what matters it whether Superchi is or is not the original in Verdi's *Ernani*? Does it make him a better or a worse singer, to have had, or not to have had the first experiment in an opera of questionable merit? Again the *Chronicle* is quite abroad about Gardoni, who is beyond controversy, one of the most accomplished tenors in existence, and by no means fitted for second rate parts. Lastly, nobody ever hinted that Verdi was one of "the greatest composers in Europe." We defy the *Chronicle* to explain that assumption on its part. It is not in the *Post* article, and if not there, where should it be looked for? Why, too, abuse the unoffending members of Mr. Lumley's orchestra? and why omit the name of M. Lavigne, the oboist, certainly the best of the recent acquisitions? To conclude, why omit the names of MM. St. Leon and Louis D'or from the list of *danseurs* who are to constitute the principals of the ballet company? (We suppose because they did not appear in the first article which the *Post* adventured.) We admire independence, and should wish this opera-question fairly argued. But let praise or censure be the result of reflection and conviction, not of pique and prejudice. The *Chronicle* will damage its own cause by pursuing any other course than a fair and dispassionate one.

MRS. BUTLER'S RETURN TO THE STAGE.

THE following correspondence between Mrs. Butler (Miss Fanny Kemble) and Mr. Bunn has been published in the morning papers:—

"London, Jan. 9.

"Madam.—In entertaining the question you were polite enough to submit to me—that of your return to the stage—I was actuated by a sincere desire to resuscitate, as far as the limited talent of the country would admit, the precarious position of the drama—an effort only to be made with a chance of success, through the moderate expectations of its professors. The establishment of Drury Lane, being exclusively devoted to opera and ballet, would require considerable reinforcement to admit of your performances being sustained in a manner due to the public, to yourself, and to the character of the theatre. My present expenses are nearly £300 per night, and I could not calculate on a less nightly addition than £50, in the engagement of extraneous talent, and in preparation. If, then, to this £250 per night, be added the £100 demanded by you, there would be a certain liability of £350 on each of your performances. I question if an average receipt could be realised to that amount, to say nothing of the detriment caused to three nights in the week by a predominant attraction on the others. If it would suit you to lend your powerful co-operation to the re-establishment of the drama on the highest terms awarded to your illustrious relative, Mrs. Siddons, viz. £50 per night, I would devote all my means to the furtherance of so laudable an undertaking, and immediately engage with those *artistes* essential to the upholding of it.—I have the honor to be, Madam, your obedient servant,

A. BUNN.

"Mrs. Butler.

"P. S. If, however, your performances were confined to readings and to dramatic scenes, I think the nightly sum you ask might be realised."

The following is the reply of Mrs. Butler.

"Bannisters, Southampton, Jan. 10, 1847.

"Sir—You desired I would state my lowest terms for acting at Drury Lane, and I did so. I regret that they did not suit you.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

FRANCES ANNE BUTLER.

"To Alfred Bunn, Esq."

This, nevertheless does not effect the question of Mrs. Butler's return to the stage, which is indeed in want of some renovating stimulus.

In regard to this correspondence the *Morning Post* remarks as follows:—"In giving publicity to the above, we are enabled to throw some additional light on the matter. About ten days since the Drury Lane management received a communication from Mrs. Butler, intimating her intention of returning to the stage, and suggesting that, as Drury Lane

and the Haymarket were the only theatres at which she could appear (Covent Garden being out of the question) she should be glad to hear the views of the former management on the subject. Mr. Bunn wrote to Mrs. Butler, expressing his perfect readiness to enter into an arrangement with her, and requesting to be informed of the amount of remuneration she would expect. Mrs. Butler in reply named £100. a night, on the first ten nights and £75. a night for every subsequent night, with an additional payment to be agreed upon for the production of one or two of her own new plays. (Here follows the correspondence which appeared in the *Standard*.) In justice to Mr. Bunn we should further state, that in demanding the respective sums of £100. and £75. a night, Mrs. Butler by no means intended those terms to apply to an engagement for a limited number of performances. The understanding suggested by herself was, that her first appearance should take place immediately, and that her performances should follow thrice a week until the end of May."—*Morning Post*.

PERLET AND LEMAITRE.

(From the *Morning Chronicle*.)

To the frequenters of this theatre the transition from Perlet to Lemaitre could not but offer a striking contrast. Perlet, so studied and so polished—Lemaitre, so droll, but so original. Both admirable and entertaining in their way, their object is attained through a very different source. Perlet's performances are the result of sound observation and patient study of human nature in various conditions of life, and as affected by various circumstances. The endless eccentricities of character are not overlooked by him, but in embodying them he strives (and how successfully!) to subdue rather than exaggerate them, rendering them conformable, within limits, to a general standard. Even in the accidental extravagancies of real life, he observes that there is still a strong prevailing tendency to a moderation and uniformity; witness his admirable lesson on the act of drunkenness which he gives us in *Les Trois Crispins*, wherein he shows that the real drunkard is not half so unsteady as his imitator, and for the reason that the real drunkard is constantly striving to keep his perpendicular, and the assumed drunkard constantly exerting himself to lose it. Perlet is a splendid artist. His school is of the highest order, and his assumptions are always marked with the happiest imitative powers, regulated by the soundest judgment. With this preparation, and this guiding principle, Perlet always plays up to himself, and within himself—he never plays to an audience. We never knew an actor in comedy in whom the power of abstraction was more remarkably exemplified. In Lemaitre we find the very reverse of all these qualities. He is no imitator; he has studied nobody but himself, and the whims and humours of his audience. Yet he is natural—he is all nature, exuberant nature. But it is his own nature, his own humour, totally unschooled by the observation of other natures. He is a spoiled child, Perlet an industrious patient scholar. Where Perlet could tame down a natural propensity to extravagance, or subdue an eccentric habit within the limits assigned by his judgment, Lemaitre hugs himself in his extravagancies, and cultivates eccentricity as the principle and not the accident. Let it not be supposed that we would detract from the merit of M. Lemaitre, or grudge our tribute of applause and thanks for the huge mirth he occasions us; far from it, he is at once one of the most original and entertaining of low comedians on the stage, but

his advent immediately upon the heels of the most excellent existing high comedian suggested reflections upon the diverse features of their respective schools upon which it was impossible to avoid offering a passing word. [The above excellent remarks have forestalled some observation it was our intention to offer on the same subject. As we agree entirely with the clever writer, it is unnecessary for us to repeat what he has so well and forcibly expressed.—E.O. M.W.]

CHRIST CHURCH, COVENTRY.

(From a Correspondent.)

ALL who feel an interest in any matter connected with the progress of music, and especially with that lofty style of it, which tends to dignify and enoble the service of our sanctuaries, will read with pleasure the subjoined particulars of a new organ recently erected in this church. The musical portion of the service at Christ Church had long been a subject of universal complaint, having been conducted with an instrument originally intended for a private apartment (the gift of a gentleman late of this city), and therefore truly defective and inefficient. In the course of the past year a subscription was commenced and liberally responded to, for the purpose of obtaining an instrument worthy of its position in this beautiful church. The builder chosen was Mr. John Banfield formerly of London, but now resident in Birmingham; who has accomplished his task in a manner exceeding the most sanguine expectations of the committee. The organ which is not surpassed by any for the fulness, grandeur, and sweetness of its tones, consists of the following stops:—

Great Organ, or Lower Manual, (compass, from GG to F in alt., with GG sharp.)
Open Diapason metal throughout.
Stopt ditto.
Dble. Diapason (Stopt) throughout
Principal.
Twelfth.
Fifteenth.
Sesquialtera, 4 Ranks.
Trumpet through.
Clarion ditto.
Cremona to E below middle.
The Swell Organ, or Upper Manual, compass from E below middle to F in alt., contains—
Stopt Diapason.
Open ditto.
Principal.
Hautboy.
Horn.
Harmonicon; with Double and Stopt Diapason Bass carried down to GG.

There are two Octaves, and two notes of Pedal Pipes from CCC to E, full scale, with the same amount of German Pedals.

The mechanism includes—

Coupler, Swell, and Great Manuals.

Pedals Great.

Pedals Choir, or Upper Manual

Pedal Pipes; and six Composition Pedals, to give the following mixtures, viz.:

Stopt Diapason and Cremona.

Double Diapason.

Stopt Ditto.

Diapasons and Principal.

Diapasons, Principal, Twelfth, Fifteenth, and Clarion.

Full Organ.

The case, designed by Mr. Akroyd, of Coventry, is extremely handsome and elegant, and in perfect keeping with the architecture of the church.

By the interest and exertions of Mr. Simms, the organist of St. Michael's and Christ Church, (to whom the order for the organ was entrusted, and who liberally presented a donation of £90), the whole has been completed at a cost of £330. It was opened on Sunday, the 27th of December last by Mr. Simms, who presided with his usual taste and ability—the musical service was ably sustained by the Coventry Choral Society under his direction.

FELIX CODEFROID.

In a review of two of its late concerts, dignified by the appellation of *fêtes*, the *France Musicale* thus apostrophises

the talent of our excellent friend, the well-known harpist and musician—'Felix Godefroid is the king of harpists!' Is this artist a giant, who at his first appearance, has been received with deafening applauses? He is indeed a truly musical genius. Fancy in your own mind, a little man with a round and open countenance, with a high forehead, eyes dark and piercing, large black brows and black hair, of twenty-six years or upwards, and you will have the portrait of Felix Godefroid. Behold him at the moment when he strikes the harp under his powerful grasp: his little hands and lower limbs seem to have some superhuman power. If Godefroid is not of the family of giants as regards size, he is so at least as far as regards intellect, and that is infinitely better. Hear his *fantasia* on *Robert le Diable*; what an astonishing composition—for Godefroid is also a grand composer!—The most beautiful songs of the lyric drama are reproduced in every manner with an originality of execution, which was hitherto considered an impossibility on the harp. There are two *chefs d'œuvre* in this morceau, the *chef d'œuvre* of Meyerbeer, and that of Godefroid. Twenty times was the artist interrupted in the performance by bravos, and at the end he was recalled with enthusiastic acclamations.

Hear him yet again: Godefroid executed one of those charming fantasias, the motive of which Paganini has immortalised. It is impossible to know anything more poetical, more seductive than this bagatelle, where tenderness and irony are intercommingled, in so bizarre a fashion. It was the *Carnaval de Venise* with its sports, its follies and its caprices. This brilliant composition, bristling with the most arduous difficulties, fraught with the most marvellous traits, replete with so much smiling, so much passion, so many freaks of folly and intrepidity, finishes with a bold *pizzicato*. The saloon was electrified by prodigies of execution, the audience clap their hands, they recall the artist: they make him repeat this admirable fantasia, to which the performer added new feats of difficulty, new and splendid improvisations; the triumph was complete. At the second concert, in place of repeating the *Carnaval de Venise*, which the audience also re-demanded, he performed his *Valse des Sylphes*, a charming composition, where the air is deliciously blended with the fantasia, whilst one hand pursues the theme with a constancy that nothing can disconcert, the other hand more rapid than the empyrean swallow, flings round a thousand notes coquettish, rapid, ariel, sparkling, transparent as pearls. This morceau, like the two others, has been received with the most maddening applauses. One word for the harp upon which Mons. Godefroid performed. The instrument, manufactured by Erard, of London and Paris, is a veritable master-piece of mechanism. Let the greatest detractor of the harp hear Erard's instrument, and I immediately set him down as a converted man. [We should feel sorry had the amiable and accomplished harpist no better eulogist than the writer, whose article we have just translated. M. Godefroid is a highly talented musician as well as a very superior performer on the harp, and is deserving of a more creditable criticism than the one we have selected, which we have given, partly to exhibit the French mode of eulogizing a favorite performer. In our humble estimation, the article is a curiosity.—Ed. M. W.]

ON DIT.—It is reported that sundry of the members of the press have subscribed together, to present a piece of plate to the musical editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, as an acknowledgment of their sense of the independent course he has pursued in regard to the rival Italian operas. This is a new interpretation of the word *independent*.

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

(Continued from page 19.)

PART I.—CHAPTER XV.

At last the morning, so anxiously expected, dawned upon Edward, and many guests successively arrived. Invitations had been sent to a considerable distance, and several persons who had missed the laying of the foundation stone, which had been described as very interesting, felt the more inclined not to miss this second solemnity.

Before dinner, the carpenters appeared with music in the courtyard, bearing their splendid wreath which was composed of many waving hoops of leaves and flowers, placed in gradation, one over the other. They uttered their greetings, and requested the ladies to grant them silk ribands and handkerchiefs for the usual decoration. While the gentry dined, they continued their joyous procession; and after they had remained a long time in the village, and there, also, had obtained several ribands from the female residents, they, at last, proceeded, accompanied and expected by a great multitude, to the heights upon which the house stood.

When dinner was over, Charlotte, in some measure, kept back the company. She desired no solemn, formal procession, and they therefore assembled on the spot, in distinct parties, without rank or order. Charlotte delayed with Ottilia, but this did not improve the matter, for Ottilia being nearly the last who appeared, it seemed as if the drums and trumpets had waited for her alone, as if the whole solemnity was to begin immediately on her arrival.

To take off the rough appearance of the house, it had been adorned in architectural style, with green twigs and flowers, according to a plan of the Captain's, but without his knowledge. Edward had caused the architect to mark the date with flowers on the pediment. This was all very well, but the Captain came in time to prevent the name of Ottilia from being likewise introduced. She managed, with a great deal of tact, to frustrate this scheme, and to remove the letters which were already formed of flowers.

The wreath was set out, and was visible at a great distance round. The ribands and kerchiefs fluttered in the air, and a short oration was rendered almost inaudible by the wind. The solemnity was now at an end, and the dance in front of the edifice, upon the levelled space, which had been surrounded with leafy branches, was now to begin. A spruce young carpenter led up to Edward a smart peasant girl, and asked Ottilia, who stood by, to join in the dance. The two couple soon found others to follow their example, and Edward managed to change his position, by taking the hand of Ottilia and going through the figure with her. The younger members of the party mixed joyously in the dance of the rustics, while the elder folks amused themselves by looking on.

Before they dispersed about the walks, it was agreed that they should meet again at sunset by the plane trees. Edward was first at the spot, arranged every thing, and consulted with the valet who had to manage the fireworks on the opposite side.

The Captain remarked these preparations with some displeasure. He wished to point out to Edward what a great crowd of spectators would be occasioned, but his friend asked him somewhat sharply, to leave to him alone this part of the solemnity. The people had already thronged to the dikes which had been cut on the upper side and despoiled of their turf, so that the soil was uneven and insecure. The sun set; twilight approached, and during the interval before a greater darkness, the guests under the plane-trees were served with refreshments. The spot was found incomparable, and pleasing anticipations were formed as to the future view of the lake, so wide, and surrounded with such various objects.

An evening so calm that not a breath of air was stirring promised well for the night's entertainment, when suddenly a frightful cry arose. Great masses of earth had detached themselves from the dikes, and many persons were seen to fall into the water. The ground had given way under the pressure of the ever increasing multitude. Every one wished for the best place, and now none could move either backwards or forwards.

All sprang up, and hastened towards the spot, but for the sake more of looking than of acting; for what was to be done when no one's exertions would avail? The Captain, with a few of the more resolute, quickly made the crowd move down from the dike

towards the bank, that sufficient room might be afforded to the useful persons who were endeavouring to pull out those who were sinking. Partly by their own exertions, partly by those of others, the whole party were now brought upon dry ground, with the single exception of a boy, who, by striving too anxiously, had moved away from the dike, instead of approaching it. His strength appeared to fail him, and now only a foot, now a hand was seen above the surface. Unfortunately, the boat was on the opposite side, filled with fireworks; it could only be moved slowly, and assistance was delayed. The Captain had taken his resolution; he cast aside his upper garments, all eyes were directed towards him, and his able, powerful form inspired every one with confidence; but a shriek of astonishment arose from the throng when he plunged into the water. Followed by the eyes of all, he soon, as an experienced swimmer, reached the boy, and brought him, apparently lifeless, to the dike.

In the meanwhile the boat came up, the Captain entered it, and made accurate inquiries of those present, whether all were really saved. The surgeon took charge of the lifeless boy; Charlotte came up and requested the Captain to take care only of himself, to return to the castle, and to change his clothes. He delayed until some cool, intelligent persons, who had themselves assisted in saving several lives, assured him in the most solemn manner, that all were now in safety.

Charlotte sees him return home, remembers that the wine and tea, and other necessities, are all locked up, and thinks that in such cases people generally make mistakes. She hurries through the scattered party, which is, however, still under the plane-trees. Edward is occupied in telling every one to remain, informing them that in a short time he will give the signal, and the firework will begin. Charlotte approaches, and requests him to postpone an entertainment, which would now be misplaced, and which, indeed, could not be enjoyed at the present moment. She reminds him what is due to the person recently saved, and to him who saved him.

"The surgeon will do his duty," replied Edward, "he is provided with everything, and all interference on our part would be a mere hindrance."

Charlotte adhered to her purpose, and beckoned to Ottilia, who at once prepared to depart, when Edward, catching her hand, exclaimed—"We will not finish this day in an hospital! She is too good for a sister of charity. Without our assistance the apparently dead can wake, and the living can dry themselves."

Charlotte was silent, and departed. Some followed her—others followed these; in fine, as no one wished to be the last, all followed. Edward and Ottilia found themselves alone under the plane-trees. He insisted that she should remain, notwithstanding her urgent, anxious entreaties that he would return with her to the castle.

"No, Ottilia," he cried, "the extraordinary does not happen on the smooth, ordinary path. The surprising occurrence of this evening brings us more rapidly together. You are mine! I have often said it, and sworn it already. We will no more say it, or swear it—now it shall be."

The boat came over from the opposite side, rowed by the valet, who asked, with some confusion, when the firework was to begin.

"Fire it off now," exclaimed Edward. "It was ordered for you alone, Ottilia, and now you alone shall see it. Allow me to sit by you and look at it also." Modestly he placed himself at her side, without once touching her.

Rockets ascended whizzing; maroons thundered, balls of fire went up, squibs turned about and banged, wheels hissed, first singly, then in pairs, then all together, and ever with increased violence. Edward, whose bosom was on fire, pursued these fiery apparitions with a lively glance of satisfaction, while to Ottilia's gentle, but excited mind this noisy flashing appearance and disappearance was rather painful than pleasant. She timidly leaned against Edward, to whom this approach, this confidence gave a perfect feeling that she now belonged to him entirely.

Night had scarcely resumed her dominion than the moon arose, and illumined the paths of the returning pair. A figure, with a hat in his hand, stopped before them, and asked them for alms, saying that he had been overlooked on the occasion of this festivity. The moon shone full on his face, and Edward recognised the features of the beggar who was so intrusive on a former occa-

sion. But, in his present happy state, he could not be angry, nor could it once occur that on this day a heavy penalty had been imposed upon begging. He did not feel long in his pocket, but flung the man a piece of gold. He would willingly have made every one happy, as his own happiness seemed boundless.

At home all had happened as had been wished. The activity of the surgeon, the circumstance that all necessary articles were ready at hand, the assistance of Charlotte—all worked together, and the boy was restored to life. The guests departed, both to see something of the fireworks at a distance, and to reach their peaceful homes after such scenes of confusion.

The Captain, who had quickly changed his clothes, had taken an active part in the attendance on the boy. All was quieted, and he found himself alone with Charlotte. With friendly confidence he now explained to her that the time of his departure was near. She had gone through so much that evening that this discovery made little impression upon her. She had seen how her friend sacrificed himself—how he had saved another, and was saved likewise. These strange events seemed to predict an important but not unhappy future.

On Edward's entrance with Ottilia, the approaching departure of the Captain was announced to him. He suspected that Charlotte knew more of the matter before, but he was too much occupied with himself and his own designs to feel any annoyance on this account. On the contrary, he heard with attention and satisfaction the good and honourable situation which was to be given to the Captain. His private wishes, breaking through all restraints, anticipated the progress of events. He could already see the Captain united with Charlotte, himself with Ottilia. No greater boon could have been given him on the occasion of this festival.

But how astonished was Ottilia when she entered her room and found the precious little chest on her table. She opened it without delay, and found all so beautifully packed and arranged that she did not venture to unpack, scarcely to lift them. Muslin, cambrie, silk, shawls, lace vied with each other in costliness, fineness, and elegance. Nor had jewels been omitted. She perfectly saw that the design was to give her more than one complete suit of clothes from head to foot; but all looked so valuable and so strange that she did not venture to appropriate it to herself, even in thought.

(To be continued.)

* To prevent misunderstanding it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

NO XVII.

Love seiz'd my heart in an unguarded hour,
Invading the domain by slow degrees,
And coming softly, as the gentle breeze
That scarcely bends the lightly-trembling flow'r,
While I, forgetful of his mighty pow'r,
Thought his assaults my idle soul would please,
That I might watch him, smiling at my ease,
As men watch foes from some unshaken tow'r.
At first I smil'd to see thee smile again,
And then I lik'd to see thine eye grow bright.
And then I thought thee fairer than before.
Thus cautiously did love secure his reign,
But now he rises in his awful might,
An earnest love—the jest of love is o'er.

N. D.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—His Majesty the Comte Montemolin honored this theatre with his presence on Thursday evening and was much gratified with the performance of *She stoops to Conquer*, *The Woman Hater*, and *The Invisible Prince*, which attracted a crowded auditory, and filled the theatre in every part on the opening of the doors. A new comedy, in five acts, by Dion Bourcicault, is in rehearsal.

FRENCH PLAYS.—On Monday last we witnessed the first appearance of Mr. Frederick Lemaitre for this season, and,

indeed, these two years. If we may judge from the early crowded house, the good humour of the audience, and the excitement and curiosity displayed at every motion, every gesture of the actor, he is no ordinary favourite, and will, no doubt, turn up a good card for the management. In giving our opinion of Mr. F. Lemaitre's acting, we must not be supposed to judge him by the ordinary standard, either of tragedy, comedy, or melodrama; nor indeed by any standard or rule hitherto observed or existing. It was in the part of *Robert Macaire* that he struck out a new path for himself, apart from all previous stage conventionalities. This piece, written in the most serious of moods, became through his genius, and we maintain that it was genius, a vehicle of bitter satire and severe castigation on the manners of the day; it laughed to scorn the weaknesses and hollowness of society; it turned into ridicule the uselessness and absurdity of mere duty and feeling, unless upheld by a higher and more moral conviction; it taught a noble lesson in the punishment of vice and recklessness; for, although amused at the eccentricities of the hero, we felt no compunction at his final death. Since the *Marriage de Figaro*, by Beaumarchais, no piece has caused so great a sensation. Both these dramas created the most painful surprise in the minds of many, and there were men who gravely shook their heads, and wondered what society would come to next, when the order of things was thus inverted, and the most sacred ties turned into ridicule, and, what was more, loudly applauded; they predicted ruin to society, and wondered that some sudden punishment did not crush the infidels; both were prescribed by the censorship, but too late, the blow had been dealt, the idea had gained ground and spread abroad, and *Figaro* and *Robert Macaire* became the vehicles of a long, numerous, and spirited succession of caricatures, which, by turns, attacked every folly, every vice, and every ridicule of the times. Politics, quackery, letters, education, speculations of every sort underwent the ordeal, and were held up to the public gaze. As regards the change effected by the actor we have every reason to be pleased with it. He did away with those tyrants, the delight of the gods of our minor theatres; he mingled the burlesque with the terrible in such a manner as to amuse, nay, instruct by both; and he has detracted nothing from the interest by knocking the murderer and assassin off his stilts, and high flown phraseology. *Don César de Bazan* is evidently of the same school, modified and improved it is true, but still bearing the impress of the reform effected in this department of dramatic acting. We shall not venture into any detail of the plot of a play produced at all the theatres of London, (we remember its being played at six houses the same night); neither shall we make any comparison between the French and English actors, we never do; indeed, the difference of language, bearing of the actors, and points of the dialogue is so great, that any analogy is out of the question. The reckless, profligate, thoughtless spendthrift; the ruined, houseless outcast; the high-minded, proud nobleman, were admirably portrayed in turns—at the same time, the chivalry and elegance of the Spanish Don, although almost entirely laid aside at intervals, were never entirely abandoned, and sprung up as soon as an opportunity afforded. His first scene was admirable, and his quarrel with the Captain on his refusal to pardon Lazarille, both affecting and exquisitely ludicrous; so also was his interview with Don José, who offers to grant any favour he may demand, full of good feeling and generosity. In his interview with the King he appears the high-minded, chivalric nobleman, defends his wife, and reproaches the monarch with his perfidy. This was nobly and well acted, without exaggeration, or bombast, and met with deserved

applause. M. Langeval played the part of the King exceedingly well, and Mlle. Clarisse was favourably received—however, we must see this lady in some other part before we pronounce our final judgment on her. She certainly is superior to most actresses as a vaudeville singer, although unequal to the music injudiciously introduced into this piece, and which had much better have been cut out altogether, or altered to something within her means. We certainly do not expect to find a finished singer at the Porte St. Martin; on the other hand, we have a right to quarrel with any attempt to overstep the bounds of nature. M. Cartigny did the small part allotted him in his usual careful and judicious manner, and Mlle. Vallée as the page, looked exceedingly pretty, and acted with infinite grace, earnestness, and vivacity.

On Wednesday *Don César de Bazan* was repeated, together with the *Dot d'Auvergne*.—J. DE C.—E.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The debut of Miss Bassano, on Tuesday evening, at this house, has been the only dramatic feature of the week. Considerable excitement had, for some period, pervaded the musical circles, and much interest was created to witness the fair vocalist's first appearance on the English stage. Miss Bassano heretofore had been recognised as a very popular singer at concerts, oratorios, and festivals. She was a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, and studied under Signor Crevelli. She proceeded to Italy about three years since, where she underwent a course of musical and histrionic tuition, to befit her for the stage, to which, for some period of time she had turned her attention and her hopes. Miss Bassano appeared, for the first time on the stage, in Italy. She performed the leading characters of several favorite operas, and obtained, according to the continental journals, considerable success. Miss Bassano returned to this country last season. When she quitted England, her voice was a very fine *contralto*, rich, racy, and even. Since her continental training, her voice has undergone a serious alteration. Miss Bassano no longer possesses a *contralto* voice. It has now become a true *mezzo-soprano*, combining the low notes of the *contralto* with the upper notes of the *soprano*, but restricted in both. Miss Bassano's organ is, for the most part, formed by education. In losing much of the mellowness and evenness of her natural tones, Miss Bassano has sacrificed what formerly were the chief excellences of her voice. She has supplied these defaults with power and brilliancy, and has rendered thereby her vocalizing more effective and dramatic. If she have lost the greatest charms of her vocal powers she has substituted those which will befit her more in producing high results in stage performances. Miss Bassano has, by her musical education, given up much; she has likewise gained much: and as her endeavours were directed with a view to the stage, we cannot blame her for adapting her voice to render her assumption of *prima-donna* parts practicable. The opera chosen for the fair vocalist's first appearance was Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*. We have heard and read many criticisms, deprecating the selection of this opera for Miss Bassano's debut. It is alleged that *Anna Bolena* is represented by the loftiest lyric artists only, such as Grisi and Pasta, while secondary vocalists entirely forego its assumption; that the whole performance demands the highest dramatic conception, and greatest tragic powers; that there is little melody to display the fine or delicate qualities of the voice, so necessary for a *débütante* to exhibit; that, in short, no opera could have been fixed upon which would more lamentably expose the deficiencies of a novice and that in consequence, Miss Bassano made an unfortunate selection in *Anna Bolena*. We grant all the premises of the above

rationale to be true, but we deem the conclusion false. In the first place, it will be granted, that when the dramatic or lyric personation of a *débütante* is of the loftiest kind, the indulgence of the public will be in proportion to the difficulty of the conception and performance: in the next place, the audience are not so likely to draw comparisons in a representation seldom seen and not often, when seen, rightly appreciated: in the last place, passion and power, are more easily assumed on the stage by a beginner, than ease, grace, and repose, which experience and study can alone provide. With this view before us we think Miss Bassano acted wisely in taking a character like that of *Anna Bolena* for her first appearance. The fair *débütante* was received with great favour throughout the evening, and if applause be a criterion of success, no one could be more eminently successful than Miss Bassano on Tuesday night. Her performance and her singing were repeatedly cheered throughout the evening; she was called for after the first act, and received the same compliment at the end of the opera. Miss Bassano's singing is particularized by energy and judgment; she has evidently studied hard, and has been taught well; her voice is powerful and managed with skill, while she exhibits considerable ability in her histrionic essays. With all these recommendations, Miss Bassano could hardly fail from proving successful in *Anna Bolena*, especially when we remember the previous favoritism she had obtained with the public, and consider the indulgence that, under such circumstances, was necessarily extended to her. And yet, justice compels us to say, that notwithstanding all these favourable combinations tending to make a great lyric artist, Miss Bassano has seasons of toil and study to undergo, before she can ever hope to be a great dramatic singer. We have given her credit for all the talent she possesses; we would now point out, but with a lenient pen, the faults, that if persisted in, must for ever militate against her obtaining a high position in her art. Miss Bassano has been kindly treated by fortune; she is gifted with a highly capable, if not a charming voice, and has an expressive face, and a neatly-moulded form. She possesses in her acting the substratum of all dramatic power, impulsiveness, and seems to have a keen sense and sensibility of the character she assumes. Miss Bassano's vocal powers are unsuited to such parts as *Anna Bolena*. Her voice is neither sufficiently high to enable her to fulfil the range of characters given to modern prima donnas; nor is it flexible enough to adapt itself to the general tone of Italian music. In her acting, her movements are evidently those of a practitioner, being wanting in repose and dignity, while most of her attitudes are devoid of grace and purpose. There is, however, evident talent in her performance; she projects herself into her character with much earnestness, and whether the impersonation be false or exaggerated, it is by no means divested of vitality. This shows that the real dramatic talent is inherent in the young artist, and requires culture only to bring it to perfection. We have thus spoken openly and candidly of Miss Bassano as a singer and an actress; in the fairest spirit of criticism have we judged of her faults and her merits. Let not this fair and promising artist be led away by the momentaneous acclamations of enthusiastic audiences, or the fatal prejudices of kindred and acquaintances. Let her not fancy she has nothing to learn; let her studies be deep and untiring, and she may then obtain, what her young ambition now aims at obtaining, a place among the highest lyric names of this country. We can only offer a word or two concerning the other artists who performed in the opera. Mr. Leffler's common style was too manifest in Henry the Eighth; Miss Sarah

Flower sang the music of Smeaton very prettily; Miss Georgiana Smithson was not particularly well suited to the character of Jane Seymour; and Mr. Allen was all that could be desired as Percy. This gentleman decidedly proves himself, the oftener we hear him, the best artist on the English stage. He sang exquisitely on Tuesday night. The female chorus was excellent; the male chorus indifferent; and the orchestra, under the admirable direction of Mr. Loder, achieved all that could be anticipated from its slender means. Would that the deficiency of our theatrical bands could be amended.

The English version of *Anna Bolena*, by Mr. Charles Jeffreys, is carefully adapted from the original and written with great ease and harmony. The songs are all excellent; done, and exhibit much poetic feeling in the author. When the twofold difficulty of translating the Italian words into English so as to fit them to the original music, and at the same time of rendering them into poetic numbers, be taken into account, the merit of Mr. Charles Jeffreys's version will be duly appreciated. Some of the songs are likely to obtain considerable popularity in their English form. We may instance the song of Smeaton, "O that I never more might see," (Deh non voler); the cavatina, charmingly sung by Miss Bassano, "Speak not again of bygone days," (Come innocente); and Percy's two airs, so deliciously given by Allen, "Ah! how bright were those blest days," (Ah! così), and "Cherish life, I do conjure thee," (Vivi Tu).

A new farce called *School-day Frolics*, was produced on Wednesday evening with success, which want of space hinders us from noticing till next week.

MY HOME IN THE CITY:

(From the "Illuminated Musical Almanac.")

I.

My home in the City, dear mother,
I know is uncommonly dark;
But, believe me, your son thinks no other
Would do half so well for a clerk!
'Tis true the sun's ray never glides there,
Through windows all dusky and dun;
But one beautiful vision abides there,
A great deal more bright than the sun.

II.

The poor artist pining above me,
Who's toiling from morning till night,
Hath a fair girl who's learning to love me,
And she is my angel of light!
It gives me a sort of heart-fulness
To leave that dear home: when I do
'Tis not on account of its dulness,
But only—to come and see you!

III.

Oh! soon from the want-chains that bound him
Her father will merge in his pride,
With the halo of Fame shining round him,
And she for my beautiful bride!
You'll never shed love on another
When I bring her hither to dwell;
For she'll teach me to sing, dearest mother,
"My home in the City, farewell!"

F. W. N. BAYLEY.

REVIEWS ON BOOKS.

"*Christopher Tadpole.*" No. 5. By ALBERT SMITH.—
RICHARD BENTLEY.

THE number of the present month is more narrative than any of the preceding. Mr. Gudge takes a journey on pur-

pose to get Christopher into his power, and is about to take him into his domestic establishment as a page. Dr. Aston's curiosity-shop is described with much point and humour. We shall extract it, as the most favourable specimen which the number offers:—

"The doctor's curiosities, when they were removed from the institution, were placed here. First there was his air-pump; a curious machine between a large coffee-mill and a small fire-engine, which, put in action, made grievous moans and other expressions of internal suffering, and performed aerial conjuring tricks to any extent. Then there was the electrifying machine, which nobody could be got to come within ten feet of, even in its quiescent state, for fear it might go off and blow them into bits. There were things in bottles, too, of wondrous form; dreadful lizards, which people in foreign countries were reported to find in their beds when they retired to rest, and boots and pockets when they got up; kittens with two heads of melancholy expression; scorpions and centipedes that the doctor had tried to domesticate and breed, and happily failed. All the old brasses were hung up as well—the gentleman in armour with the lankey legs and impossible shoes, making footstools of vividly-conceived dogs; the ladies in the powerful head-dresses, with hands inconveniently bent back in prayers, as if their wrists were hinges; the unintelligible anecdotes of their births, marriages, and deaths underneath them, as difficult to read as samplers, out of which clever people made anything they pleased without chance of contradiction; they were all there."

Mrs. Grittles, the old housekeeper of Dr. Aston, is a clever and happy sketch. Sprouts's *soirée* is well recounted, and exhibits the author in his proper sphere of relation. The scene is very amusing, and displays Mr. Albert Smith's knowledge of character, and his intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of the humble classes of society. This is no faint praise to a writer of modern romances. We have no fault whatever to find with the present number of "Christopher Tadpole."

"*Dombey and Son*," No. 4. By CHARLES DICKENS.—BRADBURY AND EVANS.

MR. DICKENS has, in this number of his new work, directed his powerful pen against the system of precocious education. Impressed with the beneficial results following his exposure of the Yorkshire cheap schools, the author has flown his wit at higher quarry, and has laid bare the flagrant and absurdities of certain Academies of pretence, who undertake to train up youths in the way they should go. Our readers shall have Mr. Dickens' own description of the Academy he has selected to satirize.

"In fact, Doctor Blimber's establishment was a great hot house, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time. Mental green-peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. Mathematical gooseberries (very sour ones too) were common at untimely seasons, and from mere spouts of bushes, under Doctor Blimber's cultivation, every description of Greek and Latin vegetable was got off the driest twigs of boys, under the frostiest circumstances. Nature was of no consequence at all. N matter what a young gentleman was intended to bear, Doctor Blimber made him bear to pattern, somehow or other."

The picture of Doctor Blimber, the head of this choice institution, is vividly and graphically drawn, and realises the very impersonation of pomposity and self-conceit.

"The Doctor was a portly gentleman in a suit of black, with strings at his knees, and stockings below them. He had a bald head, highly polished; a deep voice; and a chin so very double, that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases. He had likewise a pair of little eyes that were always half shut up, and a mouth that was always half expanded into a grin, as if he had, that moment, posed a boy, and were waiting to convict him from his own lips. Inasmuch, that when the Doctor put his right hand into the breast of his coat, and with his other hand behind him, and a scarcely perceptible wag of his head, made the commonest observation to a nervous stranger, it was like a sentiment from the sphynx, and settled his business."

The stupid and pernicious custom of forcing a quantity of learning upon young minds at once, is very happily exposed in a scene where Paul is given a number of books to study, whereby nothing but confusion is produced in his brain. The author handles it in his own peculiar view of humour.

"They comprised a little English, a deal of Latin—names of things, declensions of articles and substantives, exercises thereon, and preliminary rules—a trifle of orthography, a glance of ancient history, a wink or two at modern ditto, a few tables, two or three weights and measures, a little general information. When poor Paul had spelt out two, he found he had no idea of number one; fragments whereof afterwards obtruded themselves into number three, which slid into number four, which grafted itself on to number two. So that whether twenty Romuluses made a Remus, or hic hæc hoc was troy weight, or a verb always agreed with an ancient Briton, or three times four was Taurus a bull, were open questions with him."

Our friend, Walter Gray, is about to depart for the West Indies, whither Mr. Dombey dispatches him, having procured him some official employment. We hardly sympathize with the early dawning love of Walter for Florence. Florence is a mere child, and can hardly be supposed to awaken any feeling whatsoever akin to the tender passion in a youth. Besides, boys seldom or never, in their first love, devote their sighs to such of the fair sex as are younger than themselves. But again the author has described, or rather betokened Walter's affection with so much purity, and has sketched the character of Florence, with such exquisite delicacy, that we can hardly blame himself, much less Walter, for being in love with her, since we are assuredly in love with her ourselves.

"*January Eve, a Tale of the Times*." By GEORGE SOANE, B.A.—E. CHURTON, HOLLES STREET.

A most admirable little Christmas story has Mr. Soane provided for his readers, neatly constructed and elegantly written. "January Eve" is a tale founded entirely on human interest; and though we are led until the last page to believe that the author has dealt in the immaterial world, we find no instruments used, save such as are open to mortal apprehension. Mr. Soane has exhibited great art and tact in the development of his story, and the denouement is striking and satisfactory. The author of "January Eve" is the writer of the very pleasing version of *Giselle* to which Mr. Loder's music is wedded. Mr. Soane is also well known as an elegant and accomplished prose writer. A work of his, entitled "Robin Goodfellow, or the Frolics of Puck," was most favourably received by the public and the press some years since.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

THE CRITIC OF THE MORNING POST.

DEAR SIR,—If you will allow me, I will now answer other attacks made upon me by the *Post*, and with the addition of this letter, I shall have defeated the critic at every point.

But the critic may say, "I have the advantage of a paper, whose circulation is more than double Mr. Flower's." This is false consolation, because I can circulate TRUTH amongst those who are able to appreciate it, and forward amongst them my views of science. Six wise men who read the truth, are more powerful than nine foolish ones, who can be deluded by unsound arguments—"the still small voice" of truth, WILL find its way in time.

Had the critic known that Rossini had employed a similar harmony to the one which he calls "too ugly, and unmusical to be mimicked, in ordinary phraseology," he would have reserved his severity for a more becoming opportunity. The passage referred to, is the too last bars in my "Passacaglia." This attack is as unhappy as the one wherein Mozart was accused, (not I) of making "the most uneuphonious progressions of all the harsh and unmusical things that even this work con-

tains." I never could have supposed that criticism would have come to such a low ebb, as to have used the above language, to describe one of the most striking and prominent features of the beautiful aria, "Wen der Freude Tränen fließen," from the celebrated opera "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," wherein Mozart has employed these "uneuphonious progressions!" no less than twelve times during this short song! Not only does Mozart make use of these progressions, but all the great masters too. The *Post critic*, therefore, seems well read in music!

I come now to an important part of my system, and one which the *Post* objects to, viz., my having introduced nine new terms to express such movements of a dissonance as have hitherto been considered unworthy of especial notification. We are taught to consider that the dissonance *E*, for instance, may be thus treated; *E*, *G*.

F, if resolved, moves to *E*, or *E* flat.

F, if suspended, remains on *F*.

F, if retarded, leaves *F*.

F, if enharmonically changed, becomes *E* sharp, (which, in my essay I designated "*transmutation*," because this term corresponds with the others, and is more decided in its meaning.)

But in classical music, we find that composers employ other movements besides these, and that they also form a legitimate solution, or treatment of a dissonance: how is it, then, that no terms have been given to them? This is readily explained. Early writers on the theory of music had neither a Sebastian Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Spohr or Mendelssohn, consequently their laws were as limited as they were often defective. When any distinguished composer before Bach's time intended to employ a dissonance, otherwise than in the above methods, theorists immediately set that down as a matter of "*licence*," instead of which they should have examined the effect, and if found good, passed it into a law; but this they did not do. Bach gave the death-blow to old fashion, and trite notions of harmony, and it ought to have been the study of theorists long ago to have built upon safe and copious systems of treating harmony upon the immortal works he has left behind. Old theories should have long been disregarded that proved the comparatively rude state of music before his time.

Now that the writings of the great masters are not wholly accounted for (except by the shuffling word *licence*), by the ancient law-givers, it is high time that a new code of laws should be made; and as the treatment of dissonance forms an important branch of the theory of music, I have, I believe, omitted no movement of a dissonant note, (as employed by the great masters;) giving to each of them such terms as I thought, best described each particular species of movement.

I will, again, take *F*, as the dissonant note, and treat it in four ways, quite different from the foregoing *E*, *G*.

F, if it ascend to *F* sharp, is called *transversion*.

F, if it be transplanted to another voice of the harmony, is called *translocation*.

F, if it be altogether retained, is called *retained diversion*.

F, if it ascend to a minor, and a major second, is called *conjunct diversion*.

There are nothing like *licences* in music: why then should the above ways have no nomenclature?

I showed in my last letter that my "*fixed rules of dissonances*," explained 2288 harmonic varieties, and that without these, only 192 could be produced. This would not be the case, however, if any of the chords mentioned in my Essay had been omitted, and as the *Post* objected to some of them, I will now enter upon this subject.

A system of harmony that gives as many chords as are employed by the great masters, cannot fail of embodying all the combinations of which their music is composed; to omit one of them, then, cannot be satisfactory or methodical.

The theory of acoustics is sufficiently understood to guide the inquirer to all the different vibrations of a generator; but what assistance has this been to the musical theorist? Do we not call *d*, for instance, the root of the minor triad of *d*, *F*, *A*? then why seek the aid of one theory which does not bear upon the commonest law of another? I never subscribe to musical theories which are fragile from the very foundation. Is not a minor triad almost as natural to the ear as a major triad? Being, then, bereft of the theory of acoustics, the safest and simplest principle for ascertaining the roots of the chords is this—trace out what scales procure all the combinations of notes that are used by the great masters; then call harmonious intervals, or duads, all those that when heard together, contain one of these combinations.

A sound principle of chords, then, depends upon a sound principle of duads; because duads are the very foundation of chords.

The number of chords founded on the fundamental intervals, I, III, V, VII., amount to sixteen and there are neither more nor less than this number, all these chords are necessary to the students' improvement; and that system which gives fewer, takes away the materials, as it were, that developes and explains classical harmony.

I will conclude by thanking you Mr. Editor, for hearing my defence against the *Post*, in your enlightened musical Periodical.

Dear Sir, yours truly

FRENCH FLOWERS.

Jan. 14th, 1847.

Errata, to my last letter. "Nor is resolution identical with suspension, nor is suspension identical with retardation. (not, "resolution")

False relations, (not, "relatives.") I perceive the critic has little penetration for he cannot see how the figures I, III, V, VII, &c., can be by adding two, (not "one.")

POEMS UPON LITTLE EDITH.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

I.

Think of cloudlets, light and tender,
Underneath the moving moon,
Full of love to that bright lender
Of their beauty in the noon;
Think of ripples, smooth, untriven,
Trav'ling regularly on,
Swiftly, delicately, driven
By the white breast of the swan;
Think of lambs, just shorn, at leisure
Filing past a narrow lane,
With repeated bleats of pleasure,
To their green abodes again;
Think of whatsoever feedeth
Tranquil moods; and I will find
Gentler charms in little Edith,
Edith of the thoughtful mind.

II.

A song to little Edith, for she is very fair!
Her eye-lids are the snow-flakes, amidst the black night-air,
When, dropping large and leisurely, they show the coming thaw;
And her eyes, beneath, the softest are that ever daylight saw.
A song to little Edith for she is full of grace!
In her motion flows the fairness which broods upon her face;
Urgent sometimes, never hurried, her spirits hold free sway,
And royally neglect the time, as things immortal may.
A song to little Edith, thrice graceful, and thrice fair!
Her outward grace and beauty are true tokens to declare
Her bosom's holy beauty, her spirit's higher grace,
Which make the sacred missal to the gold and jewell'd case.

III.

I say, "I must amend me,
And be like little Edith!"
She does not comprehend me;
Some riddle she infers:
And while, with sweet demureness,
My countenance she readeth,
I quail before the pureness
Of that child's smile of hers:
I sigh, "She is unto me
As April to December!"
With marvel does she view me,
My n eaving to divine.
Thank God! my heart's compunction
Subsides, when I remember
Our everlasting junction,
Through Christ, her Lord and mine.

PROVINCIAL.

CANTERBURY.—On Wednesday the room was thronged at the concert of the "Original Catch Club." In addition to the customary entertainments, Mr. Farquharson Smith sang two songs, and Messrs. Ashby and Harding, a duet, each of which were well received. The duet from *L'Elisir d'Amore* was one of the most attractive pieces of the evening. Amongst the visitors were Colonel Perse, and several others of the gallant heroes of Aliwal and Sobraon, belonging to the 16th Lancers, now quartered at Canterbury.

Between the first and second parts of Mr. W. H. Palmer's concert, the Messrs. Ashby and Harding, from the Theatre, of whom we have before spoken in favourable terms, introduced the duet from "The Puritans," "Il rival salvar tu dei." We understand this piece is one of the small number that the Messrs. Ashby and Harding intend putting before us, with the aid of costume and scenic effect, between the plays at the Theatre.—*Kentish Gazette*.

CANTERBURY.—Mr. Longhurst gave his seventh Soirée Musicale, at the Assembly Rooms, Burgate-street, on Monday last, and we have the pleasure of according our approbation of the performances generally, but would wish more especially to notice the brilliant execution of Mr. Longhurst on the piano, and Mr. Marsh on the harp, in a grand fantasia, which elicited much applause. We would also name Master Nicholson, whose youth renders his performance on the flute truly astonishing; his solo of "Di Tanti Palpiti," gave universal pleasure. Mr. Whitnall, on the violin and Master Saunders, in the song of "Let me Wander," were loudly applauded. The attainments of Master White on the piano reflected the highest credit on Mr. Longhurst, his preceptor, and the whole performance was well calculated to advance Mr. Longhurst in his professional career.—(From a Correspondent.)

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—(From a Correspondent).—Theatricals, under the management of the new Lessee, Mr. Davis, seem to increase in popularity. The pantomime is a production which reflects the highest credit on the scene painter, machinist, and costumer, and the graceful dancing of Mr. Shaw and Miss Lonsdale, as Harlequin and Columbine, has elicited bursts of approbation from a succession of crowded houses. On Friday evening the boxes were quite full at first price, to witness the performance of Mr. Davis in "Richelieu;" he made quite a hit on its first representation, and judiciously gave it as the first piece, on the crack-box-night of the week. The Cardinal was most ably represented by him, and the enthusiasm with which he was called before the curtain, shewed the high estimation in which he was held by the discriminating audience by which he was surrounded. De Mauprat was beautifully played by Everett—this gentleman, in juvenile tragedy, is equal to any one on the stage. But where was pretty Mrs. Gurner that she did not play Julie? Miss Winstanley was pleasing and ladylike in the part, but she lacked the accomplishments of such an artist as Mrs. Gurner, besides which the name of the latter, combined with that of Mr. Davis, is always an attraction.

BRIGHTON.—(From our own Correspondent).—Madame Mortier de Fontaine gave a concert on the 4th inst. She is a very clever and pleasing vocalist, and the stamp of intelligence and feeling is impressed upon all she does. Her efforts were received most warmly by the audience. We trust that Mad. Mortier de Fontaine will be frequently heard at the London concerts next season. The oftener she appears before the public the more she will be liked by audiences, her style being at once agreeable and unaffected; moreover, she is a very excellent vocalist, educated in a good school. The other singer was Signor Bottura, a basso of repute. The programme was diversified by solos on the harp and piano-forte by Mad. D'Kichthal and M. Lindsay Sloper, both of which were loudly applauded. The room was not so well filled as we could have desired, and as Mad. Mortier's talents deserved.

BATH.—Mr. and Mrs. Millar gave a Soirée Musicale on the 30th ult., at their residence, 13, Old Sydney-place. The following programme was performed:—

PART I.—Round, "The Indian Drum," Sir H. R. Bishop; Air, Mr. Millar, "O, Fortune à ton caprice," Meyerbeer; Solo (violin), Mr. Cooper, "Le Carnaval de Venise," Paganini; Air, Mr. Pyne, "Then you'll remember me," Balfe; Aria, Mrs. Millar, "Sommio Ciel" (violin obligato), Mr. Cooper, Puccini.

PART II.—Duett (violin and piano-forte), Mr. Cooper and Mr. W. Browne (Guillaume Tell), Osborne and De Beriot; Air, M.S., Mr. Millar (first time), "I fly with thee, Adina, dear," written expressly for him by Sir H. R. Bishop; Duett, Mr. Pyne and Mr. Millar, "Flow gently Deva," Parry; Trio, "Valse à coele," Mrs. Millar, Mr. Pyne, and Mr. Millar, Costa; Fantasia (piano-forte), Mr. Wm Browne, Hummel; Duett, Mrs. and Mr. Millar, "Doux aveu" (Guillaume Tell), Rossini; Terzetto, "Vadasi via di qua," Martini.

The attendance was fashionable, and the performances gave entire satisfaction. In our account of the recent concert at Clifton, our correspondent omitted to say, that Mr. Millar undertook the whole of the tenor part with the greatest ability.

DEVIZES.—A concert was given in this town on Thursday evening, Jan. 7, by Miss Kate Ward, of the Royal Academy of Music. The vocalists engaged on this occasion were Miss Ransford, (whose pleasing voice is well known to the habitués of the Royal Academy Concerts,) and Mr. Ransford, her father. Mr. Lindsay Sloper presided at the piano-forte, and performed two fantasias in the course of the evening, and Miss Ward, also secured the services of the Messrs. Pitman, from Bath. This young lady possesses a soprano voice of charming quality, and her style is pure and expressive; she was much applauded throughout the evening, and was encored in Mozart's, "Non mi dir," and in Linley's Ballad, "Spirit of Air." The programme gave general satisfaction, several other pieces being encored; all Mr. Ransford's characteristic Gipsy Songs obtained that distinction. Miss Ransford sang an aria from Linda and "The Fairy Bride," ballad, so effectively, that, at the conclusion of the latter, she was unanimously called upon to repeat Donizetti's air. Mr. Pitman is a clever performer on the violin, and his fantasia was received with great favour. Mr. Lindsay Sloper joined the Messrs. Pitman in a trio of Mayreder, which was a brilliant and effective performance. Herz's Lucia, and Weber's Invitation pour la Valse gave

our admirable young pianist an opportunity of displaying his finished execution, animated style, and unaffected expression to the greatest advantage. The last piece was the favourite; but Mr. Lindsay Sloper was received with great enthusiasm in everything he played. The concert was numerous and fashionably attended.—(From a Correspondent.)

MANCHESTER.—At the usual weekly rehearsal of the Hargreaves choir, on Tuesday last, the members presented to them zealous and accomplished conductor, a mark of respect, which was highly honourable to both givers and recipient. It consisted of an elegant conductor's baton, made of green ebony, with silver handle, and surmounted by a figure of Apollo and a decorative device, also in silver,—enclosed in a morocco case lined with silk. The handle of the baton had the following inscription engraved thereon:—"Presented to John Waddington, junr., Esq., by the choir of the Hargreaves Choral Society, Christmas, 1846." The baton was presented by Mr. Charles Anthony, (professor of music, pianist of the Chorlton-upon-Medlock Gentlemen's Glee Club, and also a member of the Hargreaves choir,) in a neat speech, expressive of the high esteem in which Mr. Waddington is held, in both a personal and a professional sense, by the whole choir. Mr. Waddington who was taken quite on surprise, replied with much feeling, declaring that he was totally unprepared for such a splendid mark of respect, but this from no other source could it have come with so much satisfaction to his own feelings, as, with the members of the Hargreaves choir, he had especially laboured to advance the prosperity of the society, and the choral music in the town generally. We believe that the baton, which was made by Mr. Simmons, St. Ann's-Square, is valued at upwards of six guineas, and is the result of a subscription confined entirely to the members of the choir, (many other subscriptions having been refused,) and limited to one shilling each.—Manchester Courier.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PHILADELPHIA.—(Extract from a Letter).—My dear Friend,—In the greatest possible haste (half-past eleven o'clock at night), I write these few lines, having just heard that the steamer leaves New York to-morrow, at one o'clock. Your letter and printed copy of the *Cracovienne* have come safely to hand. I will publish it with pleasure; and it is now engraved, waiting your orders. Please let me know *exactly* the day and hour when you wish it to appear, and if in the power of man, it shall. By the steamer from Boston, you will receive letters and papers, informing you of many events, &c., &c. By the *next* steamer, you will receive some papers which will please you much. I send you a few now. One thing I tell you—your fame is growing hourly. Mr. Waterman, president of the Philharmonic, told M. De Meyer the other evening at Herz's concert,—"I tell you what it is, there's none of them like Wallace; he has soul, feeling, taste, and skill; his genius I adore: and tell him from me, the first time you write to him, that come when he may—and the sooner the better—he is sure of a whole-souled welcome; and I only keep the chair of our society till he comes to join with heart and hand, in giving him a glorious bumper." The pleasure your first signature, since your departure from this country, gave me it is impossible to describe. Do write soon; I am anxious to have the *Cracovienne* published.—No. 52, South 4th Street, Philadelphia, Dec. 27, 1846. C. M.

VIENNA.—The first English concert (assisted entirely by Englishmen), was given at Vienna, on Dec. 13, 1846, by our young countryman, William Streather, harpist, pupil of Parish Alvars. The concert commenced with Mendelssohn's overture to *Fingal*, performed by the opera band, under the direction of Professor Helmesberger. Mr. Streather performed a concerto in E flat, composed by his master, and a fantasia on melodies from *Rienzi*; the audience testifying their approbation by calling the young performer before them at the conclusion, and greeting him warmly. Mr. Pratten played a fantasia on the flute, and was much applauded. Mr. Gregg, a pupil of Staudigl, sang Benedict's "Rage thou angry storm," and gave great satisfaction. The concert was very well attended—Meyerbeer, Staudigl, and nearly 150 professors

and composers being present; the English Ambassador, Lord Ponsonby and his lady, Prince Esterhazy, and many fashionables honoured the concert with their presence. Mr. Streather will shortly return to London from Vienna, where he has been some time studying under Parish Alvars.—(From a Subscriber.)

PARIS.—Lablache has made his first appearance for the season at the *Italiens*, in *Don Pasquale*. Mario has recovered from his illness, and played in the opera. Grisi of course enacted the heroine. The *Gazza Ladra* is in rehearsal for Grisi, Gardoni, Colletti, and Lablache. Persiani's singing in the *Elisir d'Amore* is more charming than ever. Carlotta Grisi has left for Rome, where she has an engagement of one month. Liszt's marriage was a report without foundation. Robert Bruce is proceeding slowly; nothing averse to its success, however, has occurred since the first performance. Adolphe Adam has purchased the *Cirque Olympique*, which which will be converted into a third lyric theatre.

MILAN.—The Carnival season has commenced here. The *SCALA* opened on the 27th ult. with Verdi's *Attila*, without any great effect. Marini, however, was very fine in the principal character. Moriani and La Tadolini were the other chief executants. Two ballets, a grand and a *petit*, both failed. Perrot and Fanny Elssler are waited for with impatience, the former has been ill and the public is furious.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADAME BISHOP commenced her three weeks engagement with Mr. Simpson, Lessee of the theatres of Birmingham, Liverpool, &c., on Monday last. The *Maid of Artois* was announced at Birmingham for that evening, but could not be produced for want of rehearsals, and Mr. Simpson in consequence, took Madame Bishop to Leamington to sing at a morning concert. On the same evening she sang at Coventry; on Tuesday at Worcester; on Wednesday at the Town Hall, Birmingham; on Thursday at Wolverhampton; and last night she appeared at the Birmingham Theatre in the *Maid of Artois*. Madame Bishop is creating an immense sensation every where. We have received letters from correspondents at Leamington, Coventry, and Birmingham, all extolling her to the skies. If we were to print all the letters they would fill our journal. We see by the bills and papers that Madame Bishop has followed our suggestion, and invariably sings Meyerbeer's Cavatina, "Come rapida," at the concerts, and invariably receives an encore. She is also encored every where in "John Anderson my Jo," and "Je suis la Bayadere." Madame Bishop was assisted at the Birmingham concerts by Mr. Arthurson, the tenor, and Mr. Corri, the bass. M. Bochsa was also engaged, and played a fantasia of his own composition with very great effect. We shall have more to say anon Madame Bishop's provincial tour next week.

THE RIVAL ITALIAN OPERAS.—The directors of Her Majesty's Theatre, and of the New Italian Opera in Covent Garden, it appears, are making strenuous efforts to open the approaching campaign with *éclat*. It is announced officially that Covent-Garden Theatre will open the first week in April; Her Majesty's Theatre, we believe, will open some weeks earlier. From the preparations of both parties, there can be no doubt that the entertainments at both houses will be of unprecedented magnificence. While the Covent-Garden company will include Grisi, Persiani, Mario, Tamburini, Salvi, Ronconi, and Marietta Brambilla, the company in the Haymarket will comprise Jenny Lind, Castellan, Lablache, F. Lablache, Gardoni, and Staudigl. Of the engagement of

Jenny Lind and of Staudigl we have information which we are assured is correct. The Covent-Garden orchestra, under the direction of Costa, will be of unprecedented strength, besides including the *élite* of the old Opera band; while on the other hand, Mr. Lumley has been busily recruiting in Germany and France, and has engaged M. Panofka, a Parisian composer and violinist of high talent and reputation, as principal director of the choruses. The approaching competition will necessarily stimulate the efforts of both houses to form a rich and varied repertoire. At both, it is said, some of the greatest works of the German school—including operas of Gluck, Mozart, and Meyerbeer—and likewise works of the older Italian masters—will be brought forward. Covent-Garden is to have a ballet as well as Her Majesty's Theatre. This was not at first expected; but since it is to be so, there will of course be the same rivalry in the ballet as in the opera department. The labours in the rebuilding (as it may almost be called) of Covent-Garden Theatre go on without intermission, and we are told that it will be next in magnitude and splendour to the Scala and the San Carlo. We heartily wish success to both houses, and trust that a fair and honorable competition between them may be good for themselves as well as for the public. At all events, if the preponderance of public patronage shall incline to either, we shall only say, *detur digniori!*—*Daily News*.

MRS. BUTLER.—We have it from the best authority to state, that the celebrated actress, Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble), will re-appear on the stage. This will indeed be a real boon to the modern stage.—*Times*.

THE NEW CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME of *St. George and the Dragon* increases each night in attracting fashionable and crowded audiences to Drury Lane. The private boxes have been filled with the most distinguished families of the aristocracy. The theatre, on Saturday will, doubtless, present a scene of intense excitement, it being "the juvenile night," upon which occasion the pantomime will precede the other attractions, thus affording the younger members of families the opportunity of witnessing the splendours and drolleries of the Christmas annual, and of retiring sufficiently early to allay any parental apprehension of the result of late hours.—*Morning Post*.

A FALSE REPORT.—"It is stated in a Sunday paper," says the *Morning Post*, "that some alarm was occasioned last week within Covent Garden Theatre, owing to a portion of the building giving way; but that the architect was sent for, and prompt measures taken to prevent any serious damage. People ought to be careful how they pull *old houses* about their ears. [There is not a word of truth in the report, which may be accounted for by the paper in question being a known enemy to the establishment. In its swagger about independence, the *Sunday Times* is too apt to overlook the truth. We have a score to cast up with this magniloquent print which we shall take an early opportunity of effecting.]

ANCIENT BRITONS.—Lord Robert Grosvenor will preside at the 133d festival of the Honorable Society of Ancient Britons, on St. David's Day, which will be celebrated, as usual. The society has experienced a loss in the death of Sir Charles Morgan, one of its vice-presidents, who contributed 50*l.* annually towards the Welsh charity school. The present Baronet, however, follows his example.

PARIS.—The theatres, balls, concerts, exhibitions, and other places of public entertainment, are made to contribute a certain proportion of their receipts towards the relief of the city. The amount of the fund obtained from this source in 1845 was 1,046,526*fr.*

MADAME ANNA BISHOP has been delighting crowded audiences at the Brighton Theatre during the past week. Her singing and acting in the third act of *The Maid of Artois*, and her fine dramatic and vocal exertions in *La Sonnambula*, have been greeted with the greatest enthusiasm. The style in which this charming cantatrice rendered the plaintive Scottish ballad, "John Anderson, my Jo," and Rossini's "Tu che accendi," the celebrated cavatina from *Tancredi*, stamped her as the most finished *artiste* on the British stage. Her benefit took place on Friday night, upon which occasion every box was taken, and the theatre attended by a full and fashionable audience.—*Morning Post*.

MR. J. L. HATTON'S second entertainment at the Marylebone Literary Institution, Edward Street, took place on Thursday evening. Mr. Hatton still continues his specimens of classical pianoforte music, which, in our estimation, constitute the best portions of the concert. The selections were taken from the works of Corelli, Bach, Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven. Mr. Hatton interpreted the music of these great masters with a true sensibility of their meaning and power. "O Ruddier than the cherry" was given with fine effect by Mr. Hatton, who also introduced songs by Curschmann, Hunnemann, and others. A most excellent entertainment, concluded with "The adventures of Robinson Crusoe," a comic song capitally written, and sung with spirit and humour by Mr. Hatton. No lover of true classical music should absent himself from these concerts.

ILLNESS OF MISS FAUCIT.—We regret to say that the sudden illness of Miss Faucit disappointed a large audience last evening. The house was full, including the boxes, when it was announced that Miss Faucit, who was to play *Mrs. Haller*, was too ill to appear. Of course, the audience immediately rose and departed. We understand that Miss Faucit would have played at any risk, but her physician told her that if she did she would certainly rupture a blood-vessel, and that the consequence might be fatal; and, with judicious imperativeness, he would not allow her to quit her chamber.—*Cork Examiner*.

DEATH OF MR. HAWKINS, THE VOCALIST.—This gentleman, well known in the musical world as an accomplished vocalist and a good musician, expired on Saturday last, universally regretted. Mr. Hawkins was for many years first alto singer of Westminster Abbey and the Royal Chapel.

DEATH OF MR. W. KEARNS.—This accomplished musician, justly celebrated for his intimate knowledge of the properties of instruments in the orchestra, and distinguished also as a teacher of singing, expired on Monday week, at his residence, Princes Place, Kennington. Mr. Kearns was an Irishman by birth, but has been a resident in the metropolis for thirty years. He was a member of the Philharmonic Society, the Ancient Concerts, and the band of Her Majesty's Theatre. He was a very superior violinist. Mr. Kearns' decease is universally regretted. He has left a large family to deplore his loss.

DEATH OF MR. JOSEPH CALKIN.—Death has been busy of late among musicians. We have to add to the list the demise of the above gentleman, which took place about a fortnight since, at his residence in Pall-mall. Mr. Calkin was one of the tenor players of the Philharmonic band for many years. The Royal Society of Musicians, of which he was a member, are deeply indebted to him for his active exertions in its cause. Mr. Calkin died in his 67th year.

A STAGE VETERAN.—Our old favourite, Deshayes, died lately in Paris. With Deshayes depart the last glories of ancient choreographic art, which began when Louis XIV.

danced, and was handed down, through Gardel and Noverre, to Deshayes. He was himself the very prototype and living compendium of this art at the time when conventional grace and dreamy poetry were preferred to energy of thought and execution. A more amiable and more courteous personage never existed in the realms of the fantastic toe, nor was he devoid of inventive talent. Her Majesty's Theatre having been indebted to him for Bochsa's celebrated *Benyowsky*, and several other excellent ballets. Last season he came to visit the beloved precincts again, and being invited to a dinner with Taglioni, Cerito, and many of the first of the light-heeled fraternity, all the memories of his glories were revived, and he had so many toasts on the subject to drink in champagne, that he grew glorious himself afterwards; floated in clouds of dreamy reminiscences, like the heroes of Ossian; and instead of going to bed, strolled into the fields, and nearly broke his neck in a pit. However, he recovered with broken shins, and lived to die amongst his household gods in Paris, loved and esteemed by all who knew him.—*Sun*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mademoiselle Steffanoni, the celebrated *prima donna* of the Scala at Milan, the San Carlo at Naples, and the Felice at Genoa, has been engaged for this theatre. Report speaks in the highest terms of the *artiste's* personal attractions and vocal talent.

CROSBY HALL.—Mr. Dando has announced his series of quartet concerts for the present year, for Mondays, Jan. 25, Feb. 8 and 22nd, and March 8; Tuesday, March 23; and Monday, April 5. The quartet will be represented by Messrs. Dando, Gattie, W. Thomas, and Lucas.

"MADAME BISHOP sang in three concerts last week at Cheltenham, and on each occasion obtained the most triumphant success I ever witnessed in a concert room. The applause consequent upon each of her efforts was deafening. She was called on to repeat every song but one. She was encored three times in the French ballad, "La Bayadere." This was at once the most graceful and most striking specimen of simple vocalization I ever heard. You can have no notion of the effect it produced. We poor Cheltenham folks considered Madame Bishop, before we had heard her, as merely a *bravura* singer, the brilliancy of whose voice was not suited to the interpretation of cantabile singing, nor to the rendering of simple melody. We were never more mistaken in our lives. Madame Bishop is the exquisite vocalist, whether she sings the most florid music of the Italian school, or the most unpretending melody. She is, indeed, one of the very greatest singers I ever listened to. Mrs. Alban Croft sang three charming songs very nicely. These songs are from the pen of our talented townswoman, Mrs. Francis Herrick, and speak highly for the musical acquirements of that lady. The poetry is by L. E. L., taken from her "Songs of the heart." The ballads given on this occasion by Mrs. Alban Croft are called, "The Blighted heart," "The wasted heart," and "When the violet bloometh." The concert gave infinite satisfaction. Madame Bishop's singing created an immense sensation in Cheltenham."—(From a Correspondent.)

MISS INVERARITY, the vocalist, died on the 27th December, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, of disease of the lungs. Miss Inverarity was a native of Edinburgh, and was born in March, 1813. She was niece of the Scotch poet, Ferguson. She made her first appearance in London, at Covent-Garden, 1830, in *Cinderella*. She afterwards appeared in *Azor and Zemira* and *The Maid of Judah* with great success. She was an immense favorite at Edinburgh. In 1836, she married Mr. Martyn, the bass-singer, with whom she went to America, where her talents were greatly appreciated.

MADAME D'EICHTHAL, harpist to the Emperor of Austria and Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians, has arrived in town for the season.

MR. W. VINCENT WALLACE's new opera for Drury-Lane is nearly completed, and will be put into rehearsal forthwith. Rumour already speaks in very high terms of the new composition, by the author of *Maritana*.

EXETER HALL.—The *Messiah* was performed, for the third and last time, by the Sacred Harmonic Society on Friday last; the performance calls for no particular notice, offering the same peculiarities of style which had been observable in the Society's exposition of Handel's master-pieces for the last twelve years—the same faults and the same excellences. The principal singers were Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Hawes, Mr. Manvers, and Mr. Phillips. Haydn's *Creation* is to be played on the 19th and 26th inst., with Miss Birch, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Phillips for principals. In addition to the engagement of Mendelssohn to conduct the performance of his oratorio, *Elijah*, in April, the second part of which he has been busily engaged in re-scoring, we understand that arrangements have been entered into with Spohr to conduct three of the Society's performances during the season, on which occasions the works of this great master will be produced under his own immediate superintendence. We cannot but hail with the liveliest pleasure this new feature in the Society's proceedings, and look upon these spirited movements as harbingers of that progress which has for so long a time been desirable in the proceedings of a Society which has already done so much for music, but is yet capable of doing a great deal more.—*From a Correspondent*.

MADAME BISHOP appeared on Thursday and Friday evenings at the Brighton Theatre, in her favorite part of *Isoline* in the *Maid of Artois*, and met with the greatest possible success. She introduced in costume, the grand scena, "Tu che accendi," from Tancredi, during the evening, and sung in addition several popular ballads. Madame Bishop's reception proved the Brighton audiences to be true appreciators of the best style of singing. The *Brighton Herald* speaks in the most lavish terms of praise of the fair vocalist's talents.—*Morning Herald*.

THE NEWLY-FOUND PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.—The supposed portrait of Shakspeare, which we announced some weeks since on the credit of the editor of *The Builder*, to have come into the possession of the Bishop of Ely, has now been seen by our contemporary, as he states, and he is inclined to favour the opinion of its genuineness. It is, he states without the beard, closely resembling the engraving in the folio edition to which were appended Ben Johnson's well-known lines. The painting is on a panel, 1 foot 8 inches by 1 foot 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches—and when found was in an old ebony frame, covered with dirt and disregarded. It was bought for a few shillings, solely on the ground of its likeness to Shakspeare. The date and age (1603, ætat. 39) serving to confirm this impression, were not discovered till afterwards; these are in the left-hand corner of the picture, at the top—in the same position as they are in the portrait of Cornelius Janson, dated 1610.—*Athenæum*.

THE WIDOW of the late Frederick Cooke, the celebrated tragedian, now resident at St. Louis, U.S., has presented the gold watch of her husband to Mr. Charles Kean.

JULLIEN'S ALBUM FOR 1847.—Studded with delight for country cousins, crowded with the newest polkas, waltzes, and songs, embellished with views of the bal masque and promenade concerts, with the celebrated conductor himself in full fig, white waistcoated, accurately trowsered, and neatly

bewhiskered, with Flora Fabbri, moreover, rising on tiptoe—in short, as a perfect mirror of all the notabilities of a London season, this book takes precedence of all albums, as M. Jullien himself does of all conductors, both in costume and gesticulation. Young ladies residing in old country houses and in out of the way places, may be expected to scream with ecstasy as they turn over its pages. They will be enabled to dance, to sing, to chat, to criticise, and laugh out of it extempore; wherever it goes it will dissipate gloom, and the dullest parish in England may acquire somewhat of the air of the *beau monde* from its pages. Need we say more? *Jullien's Album* must, and will be, included in all country commissions.—*Atlas*.

HULLAH TESTIMONIAL FUND.—Four concerts, illustrative of English Vocal Music, under the superintendence of Mr. Hullah, are announced to take place, in aid of the erection of a new music hall. This is directing musical energies in the right way. Mr. Hullah, the projector and conductor, is entitled to the praise of all musicians. The first concert takes place on Monday evening next. The programme already issued is on a grand scale. The chorus will consist of Mr. Hullah's upper singing schools.

MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—The 106th anniversary festival will be celebrated on the 21st inst. Lord Saltoun, permanent president of the society, will come from Scotland expressly for the occasion.

THE FAVOURITE VIOLIN of Beethoven is, it is said, to be sold at Hubteldorf, near Vienna; it is an Amati of 1667.

CASE OF COPYRIGHT.—An interesting case of copyright, came before the Jury Court, of the first division of the Court of Session, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 23d and 24th instant, and was as follows:—The late Archibald Constable, publisher, applied to the late Dugald Stewart to furnish preliminary dissertations on mental philosophy, for the supplement to the 4th, 5th, and 6th editions of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and at completion paid him the sum of £1600, being a sum equivalent to double the rate at which Sir Walter Scott, and other distinguished contributors, were remunerated. On the failure of Constable, Adam and Charles Black purchased the property of the "Encyclopædia," and after some years issued a 7th edition, in which the dissertations of Stewart were included, besides being published in a separate form, in common with other treatises furnished to the work—but were in the latter edition withdrawn from sale when the complainant objected. The action was brought by Professor Stewart's son, on the ground that his father had disposed of the dissertation for insertion in the supplement alone, and he craved damages from Messrs. Black, for the copies "piratically" sold by them in the subsequent edition, as well as in a detached shape. The Jury unanimously found for the defendants.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.—A curious case came before the Fourth Ward Court lately, in relation to the *lion pianist*. It appeared from the testimony that De Meyer employed a literary gentleman, named Burkhardt, to translate a puff from the German to the English language for the purpose of publishing it in a morning print as an editorial commendation of his performances. Burkhardt charged 25 dollars for his work, but the lion pianist was unwilling to pay more than 10, and hence this suit. It was testified by one individual that the effect of the puff could not be calculated, and that he would be willing to give 50 dollars for such a one previous to giving a concert. The jury sided with the plaintiff, and as it was proved that he had already received 10 dollars, they returned a verdict in his favor of 15 dollars.—*New York Evening Post*.

THE DISTIN FAMILY.—The Lecture Hall, Greenwich, was crowded to excess on Monday evening, on the occasion of Miss Moriatt O'Connor's concert, at which the above talented family assisted, and mainly contributed to the attraction of the evening. The Messrs. Distin were encored in several morceaux performed on the Sax-horns and Sax-tubas. A trumpet solo by Mr. Distin was greatly applauded, and was repeated. Three glees were excellently rendered by Messrs. Henry, William, and Theodore Distin. Miss Moriatt O'Connor sang two songs with much effect, obtaining a hearty encore in one instance. Miss Baynes accompanied all the vocal pieces with efficiency. We scarcely remember on any former occasions to have seen the Lecture Hall so densely crowded.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LADY SUBSCRIBER.—(Bridgewater).—We would do anything in our power to meet the wishes of our correspondent—but what can we do? Shall we publish her letter, or another one that she may be pleased to write? Seriously, we think our fair subscriber takes too much to heart at the silly expressions made use of in disrespect to herself in a silly country paper, which we again assure her nobody reads but some silly old women who rent cottages in the outskirts of the town where it is published. Leave "Orpheus" to his Eurydice;—she will scratch his eyes out if he continues to misbehave himself, we warrant. DU RESTE, we are at the service of our Bridgewater fair unknown—let her but indicate what course we should pursue, and as the arrow the impulse of the bended bow, shall we follow the bent of her direction.

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